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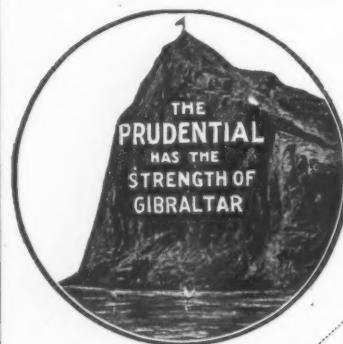
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## Last Month

We spoke to you about the advantages of Endowment Life Insurance. We told you how statistics show that there are over One Million Endowment Policies in force in this country, representing ultimate accumulations of over Two Billion Dollars. Also that 80 per cent. of the men who take Endowment Insurance at age 30, live to reap the reward of their foresight at the end of 20 years. We said that some interesting information would be sent on request. This offer is still open and you can avail yourself to-day. Suppose you do.

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WHICH IS THE MEANEST RAILROAD  
IN THE UNITED STATES?

LIFE will give One Hundred Dollars for the best answer to this question.

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LIFE PUBLISHING CO.,

17 WEST 31ST STREET,

NEW YORK.

# LIFE



"BUT, GRANDMAMMA, I ASSURE YOU THERE'S NOT A WORD OF TRUTH IN IT!"  
"WELL, I'M GLAD I GOT ALL MY LETTERS OFF BEFORE YOU TOLD ME."

### The Way of It.



IS hard to get along in life  
If Fortune smile or frown,  
For first you live your income up,  
Then try to live it down.

### Controlling Herself.

SHE : I want you to select the ring, dear.

HE : But I thought you wanted to.  
"I did. But I'm afraid we can't afford it."

### Sport.

THE new French mode, of automobiles in trains, with a car for the family, another for the butler's pantry, another for the wine cellar, etc., etc., certainly has distinct advantages over that of the single machine :

1. Persons run over by a train of automobiles are much less likely to survive, and dead men tell no tales.
2. Horses passed by a train, thus, may not so easily beguile their fears with the

thought that it is an optical illusion.

But whether the sport increases as the number of automobiles *en train*, or as the square of the number, is something that has still to be worked out.

### Reduced.

BIGGS : Dingster doesn't seem to have as many friends as usual.

GRIGGS : No. He tells me he has had to cut down his expenses.

# LIFE.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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THERE is uneasiness in what the newspapers call "well-informed circles" for fear of a comprehensive and miscellaneous war starting in the neighborhood of Japan and ramifying out over a large part of the world. Russia and Japan have long been seriously at odds. Some years ago Japan whipped

China in a war, and got the Liao-Tung Peninsula in the Yellow Sea as part of the spoils of victory. But France, Germany and Russia said she couldn't have it, and she had to give it up, and eventually Russia got it; and its ports, Port Arthur and Dalny, are the only ice-free ports she has as outlets of her Trans-Siberian Railway. Japan has been sore about that. She is overpopulated and wants Korea, which is conveniently near and much underpopulated. But Russia, who wants the earth, includes Korea in her list of needs and finds it quite intolerable that Japan should have the whole of it. So they can't agree on this matter, nor about Manchuria and other important details of dispute, and for months they have both been making ominous preparations for war, while negotiating industriously for some basis of settled peace. If any two nations attack Japan, England is bound by treaty of alliance to help Japan. If

any two nations attack Russia, France, her ally, must come to her aid. But if Japan goes to war, she is likely to have China's help, and that would make the Russian-French pact operate, which would in turn drag England in as the ally of Japan. With England and France on opposite sides in war, there would be mighty lively times all over the earth, and nobody believes but that Germany would claim a right to cut into the game (probably on the side of France and Russia) and share whatever winnings there might be.



IT is evident that this is a serious situation. The hopeful feature of it all is that it is too serious. England and France have not the least desire to fight one another, and will try desperately hard to keep out of a big war. Neither Japan nor Russia can afford to fight, but Japan can better afford to fight now than later. The Czar wants peace if he can have it, but how much of what he wants the Czar can have is a question. The natural basis of settlement would seem to be for Japan to gobble up Korea and let Russia have her way in Manchuria, but Russia intends, by stealth and strength, to have her way in Manchuria, anyhow, and has no mind to allow Japan any adequate inducement for forbearance. Russia professes to fear the bugaboo called The Yellow Peril, and is strongly averse to having Japan establish herself on the mainland of Asia. So altogether it is as fine a wrangle as any one could ask for, and the market for warships is brisk, and Chicago and Omaha are filling some million pound orders for beef.



THEY say we are going to have a war, too—with Colombia. Let us hope that before it comes—if it is coming—we may get complete information about our Government's deal with Panama. Our Democratic contemporaries have come to realize that

their chance for success in the next Presidential election lies almost entirely in the possibility of convincing a majority of the voters that Mr. Roosevelt is not a safe man, and should not succeed himself. Therefore, they are taking the Panama matter very much to heart and probing and discussing it industriously. With them is a considerable body of conscientious persons who consider that we have relied far more on might than on equity in our recent dealings with Colombia, and that, if we come to blows with her, we shall not command the advantages ascribed to him whose cause is just. It is a tangled skein—the Panama matter. The end is all right, and LIFE has faith to believe that the more that is known about the circumstances of the case, the better will the means employed be justified.



WE are used to horrors, and make little of ordinary tales of accident and loss of life. A smash-up on a railroad, with a score or two of deaths, makes the headlines in the newspapers bigger and blacker for a single day, but the next day it is half-forgotten, and the next day but one some newer catastrophe pushes it quite out of mind. But Chicago's dreadful theatre fire on December thirtieth was so appalling in its gross results and so harrowing in all its details that it fairly took possession of the public mind, and even now, a whole fortnight later, is not forgotten. There is nothing consoling to be said about it, unless one is of the disposition to find it comforting to say prayers for the dead. The theatre was new and was called fireproof. Perhaps it was fireproof, but the audience that filled it wasn't. That is the point most of all to be borne in mind by people who build or manage theatres. The audience is never fireproof, and when you fill a theatre with flame or smoke or gases, though the building may stand it fairly well, the audience won't. The Chicago story is a story of a cheap asbestos curtain that would not come down, of exits and fire-escapes by which people could not get out, of laws not enforced and precautions neglected; a dismal story of preventable disaster.

**Heart to Heart Talks.**

BY A STRENUOUS GENTLEMAN.

*NOTE: This department has been opened for the benefit of our younger readers, all of whom, we feel sure, are anxious to grow up into successful men and women. It will be conducted each week by a different person—some one who has become prominent and who is qualified to give advice in his own field. We cannot begin to tell our young readers how glad and proud we are to be in this humble manner the moral agent through which so much good advice will go forth to our million readers, but if as many new subscribers come in as we hope and pray, then we shall indeed feel as if our work had not been in vain.*

*Dear Children: Of all the great men who have come before you to give you their advice and tell you what to do to succeed, I know you would much rather be me than any one else, because I know how to kill bears.*

*Yes, little boys, I can kill bears to beat the band, but I haven't yet learned to ride the elephant.*

*That isn't my fault, however. I've been all my life learning how to kill bears, but I haven't been riding the elephant long enough yet to feel quite easy in my seat.*

*That isn't my fault, either. The trouble is with the elephant. Does any little boy or girl know what an incubus is? Well, I must tell you. An incubus is anything that weighs you down.*

*Now the elephant I am riding has several incubuses. It has a great big octopus for one thing.*

*Have you ever seen an octopus? Well, then, you have missed it. An octopus is an animal with a bag of money in the middle, and its arms are made of steel rails, and it has enough of them, too, to go right around the elephant.*

*Suppose you were trying to ride, with a thing like that in your way. Say, my dearies, wouldn't it jar you? And the worst of it is, it isn't my fault.*

*It's bad enough (isn't it?) to ride a plain, wicked, foxy elephant, who, though he's still young and vigorous, has to be pensioned, but when you have to ride an elephant and an octopus, too, don't you think that would be a strenuous job?*

*Yet I like it so well, that I just hate to give it up. Perhaps I won't have to, after all. Can any little boy or girl tell me? I do want to know.*

*One of the beauties of living in a free country like this, where it is always possible for every one to make enough to pay twice as much for everything as it is worth, and where votes command such prices that even a lazy man can live, is that every little boy who stands before me may one day be President.*

*Think of it, little boys, and smile with me. Some day when you grow up and have children, reporters may be standing over them day and night, taking their temperature and pulse, and telegraphing the glad news to the Pacific Coast.*

*But, of course, you may not all learn to ride the elephant.*

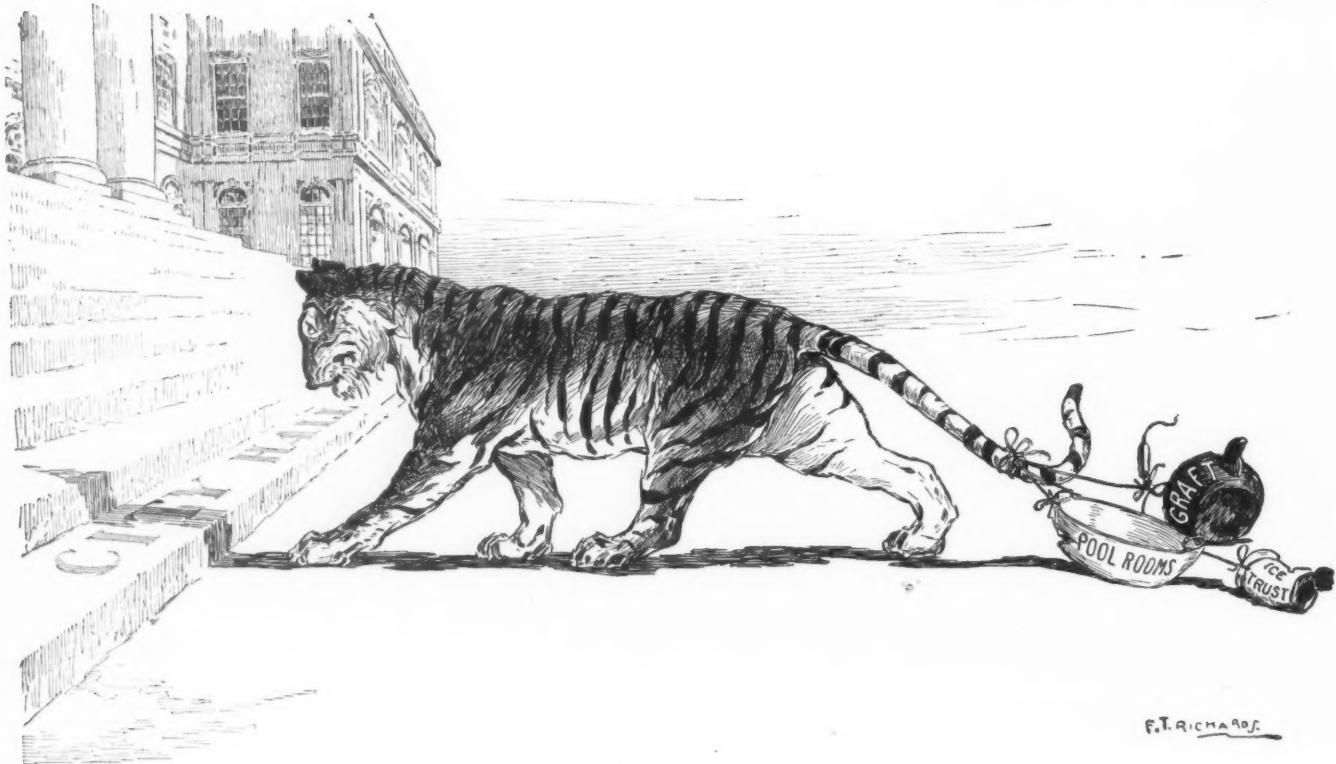
*Sometimes it's a donkey, you know.*

*The only real difference between the elephant and the donkey is that the donkey brays, while the elephant preys.*

*Now, my dear young friends, I am not going*

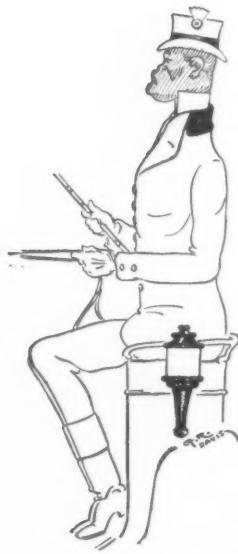


"*You may not all learn to ride the elephant.*"



AND THE CAT CAME BACK.

F.T. RICHARDS.



FROM A NOVEL.

"HE WAS TALL AND DARK, WITH THE CARRIAGE OF A GENTLEMAN."

to give you any more advice, because just at present all the advice I have on hand I am bestowing on Mark Hanna, Mr. Platt and the W. C. T. U.

But you can all come up and shake hands with me, only, I hope, if there are any little colored children, they will come first.

And some day when you come again I will show you the elephant. Only please don't wait too long. If you do, there may be some one else in my place.

*Tom Masson.*

### Race.

CHILDREN having gone quite out of vogue, what was to become of the public school system, the corner-stone of our liberties?

The suggestion that everybody go back and take postgraduate work in the Three R's was not seriously considered; all could see that mere palliatives were vain.

There being nothing for the schoolma'am's to do, their salaries were naturally stopped,

and soon they were rendered desperate by the lack of food and stylish clothes.

"Let us," they cried, looking the situation squarely in the face, "draw cuts to see who of us get married and replenish the earth."

Thus it transpired that race suicide could not possibly proceed to the point of race extinction.



A LADY APPEALED TO THE GOV.  
SHE SAID THAT HER HUSBAND KEPT SHOV.  
"I'M A STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR,"  
SAID THE HUSBAND; "INSTRUCT HER  
THAT IT'S HABIT—I KEEP RIGHT ON LOV."

### THE MEANEST RAILROAD IN THE UNITED STATES.

LIFE has heard it insinuated from time to time that certain railroads in the United States are mean in their treatment of passengers. Some railroads are said to be meaner than others. LIFE has an active curiosity to know just which one of the railroads in the United States is the meanest, and why.

With this in mind, it offers to its readers a prize of *One Hundred Dollars* for the cleverest presentation of the charge of meanness submitted according to the following conditions, which please read carefully :

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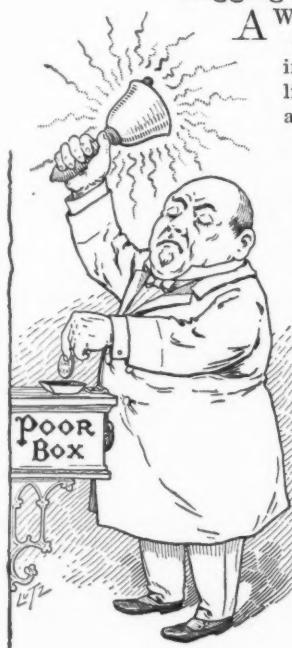
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### Begging as a Fine Art.

A WRITER in the *National Review* and Mr. Andrew Lang in *Longman's Magazine* have lifted up protesting voices against some of Mr. Carnegie's multitudinous benefactions. The *National Review* says that Mr. Carnegie is sapping the manhood of Scotland. Mr. Lang is of the opinion that a student who accepts a tip of a few pounds to pay his college fees does not make an auspicious start in his scholastic career; and that, if a Scottish congregation wants an organ, it should "hold a bazaar and buy an organ"—not beg one from an American millionaire. Organs are not a necessity for Christian worship. In the eyes of the revered John Knox, they would



*Voice from Adjoining Room : PAPA, HAVE I DISTURBED YOU SAYING MY PRAYERS ?  
"NO, MY SON."  
"WELL, I WAS PRAYING FOR A PAIR OF SKATES AND HOPED YOU HEARD ME."*

have been little better than "monuments of idolatry."

In truth, the impression that organs, libraries and "such like vanities" may be had for the asking has bred demoralization among communities hitherto decent and dignified. Mendicancy is the order of the day. The spectacle of townships, churches, societies and institutions of all kinds, tumbling over each other, like Arab children, in their eagerness to secure some portion of the golden shower, is not an edifying one. If it be disgraceful for man or woman to beg for daily bread, surely associations of men and women should practise beggary with discretion; cherishing some modesty in their demands, and some fastidiousness in their choice of benefactors. Communal self-respect is as salutary as individual self-respect, and begging is not the surest way of preserving either.

The morning mail of a philanthropic millionaire is something which no one—least of all the millionaire—cares to contemplate. The morning mail of less distinguished people—who are under the disadvantage of having to read their letters—fills the souls of its recipients with dismay. Societies for the suppression of beggary beg ardently for funds. Societies for the encouragement of industry waste all your working hours. Societies for the altering of people's religions ask your help in the conversion of your fellow churchmen to a purer form of faith. If you write for your daily bread, you are invited to contribute something, "in your own inimitable style," to an insolvent

## • LIFE •

humanitarian journal. If you paint—a water-color sketch would be acceptable to a charity bazaar. If you lecture—the "Sons of the Soil," or the "Daughters of Demosthenes" would be glad to pay your car-fare to a mouldering village on the Potomac, and hear you speak upon some "congenial theme." All these people, and many more like them, beg unblushingly because they beg collectively. As individuals, they would hesitate to snatch your scanty coins, or your still scantier leisure; but, as organizations, they have neither pity nor shame. We know from Mr. Weller how the "Beggar's Petition," when printed on a bit of calico, was transformed into a "moral handkerchief," for the enlightenment of the infant negroes in the West Indies. Some such mysterious transformation is held to take place to-day, when the "Beggar's Petition" is sent forth under the seal of a society.

Agnes Repplier.

## It Pleased Her.

"TELL me what you really think about me."

As she spoke, Geraldine Jugson looked anxiously into the eyes of Clarence Calliper.

"I want you to be honest with me," she said. "This world is so deceptive, and it is so hard to find out the truth. Tell me what I really am—if you can."

"I think I can, dear," said Clarence, taking her hand in his, "and I will endeavor to be more than frank. I can appreciate thoroughly how



ON THE HONEYMOON.

"WHAT IS THE MATTER, DEAR? ARE YOU ANGRY? HAVE I DONE ANYTHING TO DISPLEASE YOU? WON'T YOU SPEAK TO ME? DON'T YOU LOVE ME?"

*She (in a whisper): MADLY, DEAR, BUT I WANT PEOPLE TO THINK WE HAVE BEEN MARRIED SOME TIME—A NUMBER OF YEARS.*



*The Empress of China: WHAT IS THAT STRANGE NOISE I HEAR?*

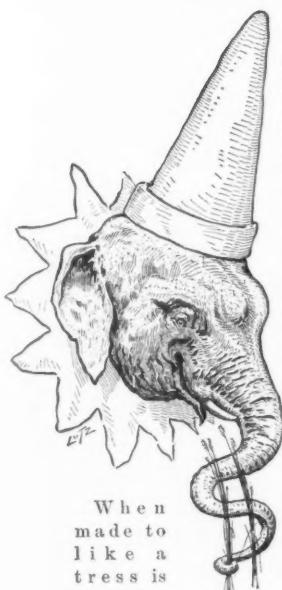
*The Minister of the Interior: IT IS THE BOTTOM DROPPING OUT OF THE NEW YORK STOCK MARKET, YOUR MAJESTY.*

you feel. In the midst of a world of artificiality, you are tired of the false, and wish to test my sincerity. Well, then, listen. I cannot say that you are the most beautiful woman I ever have seen. The Venus of Milo, I think, in some respects outranks you. So far as your disposition goes, I know that you are not perfect. It is true that I have never actually seen you ruffled, but I can imagine that under some circumstances you might be out of temper. I suppose, also, that some girls are more stylish than you. I have never seen any one who is, but my observation has been limited, and it is, of course, possible that in intellectual brilliance others may surpass you. I don't doubt that all this may be so. Do you mind my being so frank? I'm not hurting your feelings, am I, dear?"

She put her delicate hand upon his arm.

"No, indeed!" she replied earnestly. "I cannot begin to tell you how glad I am to find one man at last who dares to tell me the whole truth about myself."

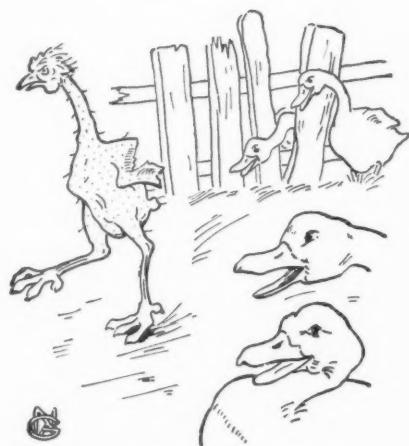
**The Elephant.**



When made to like a tress is at such a time, a look of pathos fills his eyes, which plainly says: "What's the matter with Hanna? He's all right. Who's all right? Hanna!"

Ohio is the natural habitat of the elephant, but he often wanders as far south as Washington in search of food.

THE hand that cradles the rocks rules the world.



"WHAT IN THE WORLD HAS HAPPENED TO MISS HEN?"

"AS A MEMBER OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY SHE HAS STOPPED WEARING FEATHERS."

**Patent.**

WE'LL live upon a patent food,  
And draw a patent breath,  
Until upon a patent bed  
We die a patent death.

Then after that we will be sure  
To criticise and carp,  
Unless on patent golden streets  
We play a patent harp.

*McLandburgh Wilson.*

**The End of Smythe.**

THE physical career of young Smythe began in the higher grammar school when he became interested in football, baseball and weight throwing.

This naturally and indubitably laid the foundation of his college career.

It became evident that the proper development of the *serratus magnus*, the *obliquus externus abdomis*, the *pectoralis major* and the *biceps flexor cubiti*, to say nothing of the *deltoids* and the *gastrocnemius*, were necessary to the highest honors.

At the end of four years he was upholstered with muscles far beyond all the others in his class.

But young Smythe was not satisfied, for about the time he left college and became an office boy he took to reading physical culture magazines.

This stimulated young Smythe's ambition to have a system of his own.

So he decided to try all the known methods of physical culture at once, in order to save time.

At the end of three years more, when the doctor was called in, he exclaimed in severely complimentary tones, "My! But he is perfect. No muscle neglected, from the *occipitofrontalis* to *tendo Achillis*. Really the most perfectly developed man I ever saw."

"Then," said Smythe, as well as he could talk, which was only above a whisper, "what is the matter with me?"

The doctor, using his stethoscope gingerly, replied: "My dear boy, it's your vital organs—heart, lungs and so forth—they have gone to pieces."

But young Smythe was true to himself, even then. "My dear sir," he replied, as haughtily as possible, "that's not my fault. It's only because I couldn't get at 'em."

*T. M.*



IF LOHENGRIN LOOKED LIKE THIS, WHY DID ELSA ASK HIM WHENCE HE CAME?

**How to Dramatize a Novel.**

ANY novel will do, provided it is sufficiently lacking in action.

If the characters don't talk enough, put in a few hundred thousand words of conversation. Theatre-goers love to pay two dollars a seat to hear talk.

If it is a novel of modern life, move it back two hundred years to give a better costume effect.

If it is a romantic novel, move the action forward to the present time and write in a lot of society epigrams—the kind people never use in society.

Give the part of the heroine to some actress who is totally unlike the author's description of the character.

If the author tries to take a hand in directing rehearsals, see that he is kept out of the theatre.

*Arthur Chapman.*

LIFE



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THE SNO PRO

MR. TAGG IS VERY POPUL WITH T

• LPE •



THE SNO PROGRESS.

VERY POPULAR WITH THE DINNER-GIVERS.



## SONG OF THE BOX OFFICE.

**S**HOVE 'em in, crowd 'em in;  
Cord 'em in the aisles,  
Jam 'em in the orchestra,  
Heap 'em up in piles.  
Pack 'em in the galleries,  
Crowd 'em high and low,  
All must pay, and money makes  
Ev'ry show a "Go."  
Never mind the ordinance,  
We are up to tricks;  
Commonly officials are  
Easy men to "fix."  
Fire? Maybe. Let it come,  
We are well secured;  
Everything inside of  
Theatre's insured.  
Ram 'em in, jam 'em in,

Till the seats are sold,  
Let the rest buy standing  
room—  
All the house will hold.  
Leave the exit doors alone;  
Swinging them about,  
Just to see if they will work,  
Wears the hinges out.  
Suppose the lights get working  
hard,  
Wires will all get hot;  
Insulating each of them  
Costs an awful lot.  
Keep the crowd all streaming in,  
Chase 'em in by guess,  
All must pay to get inside—  
That's what makes success.

—James Montague in the Evening Journal.

WE Americans are a hysterical people. We are sad, joyful, horrified, enthusiastic, or panicky to an extreme degree. But none of our emotions lasts long. We are deeply moved, but quickly forget. We lack persistence in matters which are not of immediate concern. Our public officials may do about as they please, except when we become hysterical and are looking for a scapegoat for our own sins of negligence. But they know their business. They know that in case they are held to blame by an excited public, all they have to do is to wait a few days for the excitement to blow over. Then the public will go back to its daily money-getting or pleasure-chasing.

When this writing reaches the eyes of LIFE's readers something like a fortnight will have elapsed since the burning of the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago, with its needless sacrifice of over six hundred lives. The indignation against Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger and their associates in the ownership of the theatre, the public clamor for the punishment of some one, and the wonderful increase in official vigilance in the matter of safety in the theatres will doubtless have passed away. The night of the disaster Fire Commissioner Sturgis said that there were really no fireproof theatres in New York, that in their construction the building laws had been openly defied, and that the regulations of the Fire Department when actually enforced had been met with a public disapproval, the contentions of the theatre managers being sustained in the courts. He said:

"While we have in this city many so-called modern and fire-proof theatres, I think there is none where such an awful accident might not occur. When the courts take the position, as was the case in a recent notable performance, and a thousand persons are allowed to stand and the building laws are openly violated, as was done during the former administration, so long are the lives of our

wives, daughters and others dear to us placed in daily peril.

"Under the former administration theatres were constructed with little or no regard for the building laws. Aisles have been made much narrower than the law demands that they shall be. The provisions of the present building code contain this final clause which prevents reform in the matter of old playhouses: '*In the interest of those owning theatres, the provisions of this code shall not apply to theatres built previous to this action.*'"

The lines we have italicized show why it is that such fire-traps as many of the theatres on the lower East Side, the Bijou, the Manhattan, Daly's, the Casino, Weber and Fields's and the Savoy are permitted nightly to endanger the lives of thousands of people. The last-named theatre was erected and is open in direct defiance of the law. It is the duty of the members of the Legislature from New York City to demand the immediate repeal of that part of the law we have emphasized.

But whether the Legislature acts or not, it is quite within the power of local officials to order that the theatres we have named shall be closed at once. Every time their doors are opened they are a menace to human life, and District-Attorney Jerome can readily secure the indictment of their owners and managers. On him, and on every public official who fails to use the power he possesses, will rest the responsibility should New York experience a disaster like that in Chicago. It is time for them to act, no matter whose interests are affected, whose pockets suffer. We all know that human life is held cheap in New York, but there are men, even in New York, who love their families more than dollars, and it is for them to make their influence felt against the managerial "pull" which keeps our officials from protecting the lives of the theatre-goers of this community.

\* \* \*

THERE have been many suggestions made as a result of the Chicago tragedy. Among the best are that

The asbestos curtain in every theatre should be lowered after every act.

That all drapery, and especially the heavy curtains used to shut



DRINA DE WOLFE IN "THE OTHER GIRL."



MISS ELEANOR ROBSON IN "MERELY MARY ANN."

off the corridors from the auditorium, should be removed.

That every theatre should be regularly inspected, with a view to enforcing the law as to the number and width of aisles.

That all exits should be thrown wide open at the close of every performance.

That legislation should be secured at once making it a criminal offence to occupy, or permit any one to occupy, the aisles or passage ways of a theatre during a performance.

*That it should be made a criminal offence for any city official or police officer, except in the performance of his duty, to accept for himself, or for another, free admission to place of amusement.*

Of course Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego—who always come through a theatre fire unscathed—will object, but it might be well to let these managers understand that their money-getting greed must give way to some regard for human life.

\* \* \*

THAT was a very clever little puncture of the stiletto Mr. Augustus Thomas gave Mr. Charles Frohman in his speech of acknowledgment at the first performance of "The Other Girl." Thanking everybody concerned, he said he was grateful to Mr. Frohman for his artistic assistance, especially in changing the title from "The Parson and the Pugilist" to "The Other Girl." Any one who knows Mr. Thomas's appreciation of what is fit can understand just how grateful he was to give up his apt and expressive selection for the inane and colorless one finally chosen. "The Other Girl"—it is to laugh. But then the box office knew that "The Gaiety Girl," "The Girl from Kay's" and a lot of other "girls" had made money, so it had to be "The Other Girl."

The piece itself is most amusing. It is not on quite as high a plane of comedy as "The Earl of Pawtucket," but it is very up-

to-date in its atmosphere, and Mr. Thomas supplies a number of clever situations (some of them illogical, to be sure,) and a large quantity of sparkling talk. His understanding of the relations between pulpit, press and prize-ring is correct and funny.

The honors in the cast fall to the men, although Drina de Wolfe makes a comely and, at times, effective heroine. The best bit of acting in the piece is Mr. Wheelock's "ether jag," a dramatic novelty of which the young actor made most excellent use. Mr. Barrymore's prize fighter and Mr. Bennett's reporter were faithfully drawn and gained instant recognition from those familiar with both types. Just why so much bother should be made over a lady's being out in an automobile with a gentlemanly prize-fighter for a couple of hours it is not easy to understand, but Mr. Thomas's skill has made the incident the basis for a most agreeable comedy, at which New Yorkers and the strangers within their gates are bound to laugh for weeks to come.

\* \* \*

**I**SRAEL ZANGWILL has arrived as a dramatist. His "Children of the Ghetto" showed rare ability in the depiction of character, but it was far removed from the appeal to popularity contained in "Merely Mary Ann." Not since "When We Were Twenty-One" has there been on the New York stage a drama of just this quality. Nor would any one who saw the Ghetto play have credited Mr. Zangwill with the delicious sense of humor the new piece reveals. It runs alongside of and uplifts the sentimental interest in the play in a fashion to send every auditor away refreshed and pleased.

As *Mary Ann*, Miss Eleanor Robson has come to her own again. Her delightful voice makes musical even the rough English brogue in which most of her lines are spoken. To the depiction of the female *Parsifal*, whom the author has put into the garb of a London lodging-house slavey, she brings a *naïveté* both delightful and affection-compelling. If *Lancelot*—the curious young musical wonder, not badly played by Mr. Edwin Arden—had wronged her, the male element in the audience would have risen as one man and lynched him. The cast is adequate throughout and the performance a satisfactory one from beginning to end.

Perhaps even the *Tenderloin* will like this play. If so, it will be an encouraging sign for dramatic art. It's too bad it was shoved over to the *Garden Theatre*, but the *Tenderloin* shows have the right of way on Broadway.

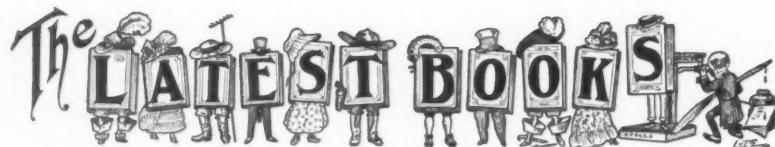
\* \* \*



**S**LANG word has come into the language which seems to have been discovered to describe exactly Mr. Clyde Fitch's latest play. Just whence the word "piffle" came we are ignorant, if it applies admirably to "Glad Of It." If Mr. Fitch had called this disconnected succession of life pictures, not worth painting, "Sorry For It," he would have more nearly hit the mark. Every one else is. There is truth in the proverb that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, but it is equally true that what is not worth doing at all is not worth doing well. There is no doubt of the correctness of the advertisement Mr. Fitch gives to a certain dry-goods shop in the first act, nor of his depiction of a rehearsal and of a scene at a cheap summer boarding-house. But there is nothing in the way of a play on which to hang all this extraordinary correctness.

Mr. Fitch should take the advice LIFE gave him some time since—less product, and better.

*Melcalfe.*



**S**ENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE'S exhaustive and eloquent treatise upon *The Russian Advance*, wherein are given the results of his personal observations in Asia, is, taken all in all, the most readable work upon Oriental conditions which has appeared since Henry Norman's *Peoples and Politics of the Far East*. One should, however, bear in mind that the Senator's pen is the tongue of a ready speaker, and that to peer sharply through the occasional breaks in his oratorical enthusiasm is the part of wisdom. (Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.)

There is something of an older fashion about Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk's writing, which is all the more restful for its very lack of touch with the headlong methods of our habit. In her new book, *Goodbye, Proud World*, the heroine's transference from the editorial rooms of a New York daily to a Connecticut village and the subsequent un hurried working out of a simple plot, energized but hardly complicated by a most unmysterious mystery, are made the vehicle of a grateful suggestion of leisure and an atmosphere of repose. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

Mr. Arthur Jerome Eddy's *Recollections and Impressions of James A. McNeill Whistler* is a timely and an interesting volume. It gives us, on the one hand, a pleasant and informal sketch of the man, and on the other, a sincere and intelligent discussion of his art; a discussion, moreover, which is refreshingly free from those esoteric formulæ by means of which the art critic too often tries to hide what he does not have to say. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$2.00.)

The young clergyman, conscientious, unmarried and an athlete, whence follow worldly opposition, social popularity and spectacular slum work, is far from a new figure in fiction. Yet old as her subject is, Caroline Atwater Mason has made *Holt of Heathfield* a decidedly readable story, quietly realistic of the New England manufacturing town where its scene is laid. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

*The Indians of the Painted Desert Region* is an account of those native dwellers in our southwestern deserts, the children of the cliff-dwellers, their strange habitations and stranger customs, by George Wharton James, a conscientious amateur student of

these living anachronisms. The volume has all the elements of interest, except that intangible something which in men we call personal magnetism, but for which in books we have no name. (Little, Brown and Company. \$2.00.)

Occasionally is given to each of us the joy of meeting an old friend and finding him unchanged. In *Colonel Carter's Christmas* F. Hopkinson Smith has put this happiness most happily within our reach. The dear old Colonel claims our smiles and our love as simply and as wholeheartedly as ever, and we thank the author for another glimpse of him. F. C. Yohn and the publishers deserve special praise for the illustrations in color. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

The volume of *Poems of Tennyson*, edited by Henry Van Dyke, is not only an excellent example of illustrative selection, but is given especial value by a scholarly introductory essay upon the poet and his work by the editor. The book also appears with explanatory notes in the Atheneum Series. (Ginn and Company, Boston.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

#### Freedom.

**F**REEDOM is the name given by governments to the oppression of the common people. It stands for Taxes, Trusts and Sudden Death.

Freedom stands in the Custom House with an iron club and brands a welcome home on the breast of every one of its sons.

Freedom is never off duty. It sits in the halls of state and spurs on the assessor to do his utmost.

Freedom came in with governments and will go out when jails are unknown. It presides over senates, labor meetings, war councils and electric chairs.

Freedom is more fashionable with republics than with monarchies, because more necessary. If it were not used, no one might be deceived. It makes fortunes for few at the expense of the many.

Freedom is an Americanism. It was born at Valley Forge, lived unharmed

through a civil war, and only caught its first incurable disease when sojourning in the home of the Standard Oil Company.

#### His Finish.

"I HAVE discovered the source of life!"

The new professor, who had only been drawing a salary for three days in the great university, flourished in his hand a quart bottle of protoplasm as he spoke, standing upon the threshold of the president's office.

That gentleman frowned.

"If that's the best you can do," he observed, "I'm afraid you'll lose your job."

"But, my dear sir," remonstrated the new professor, "is it nothing to discover the source of life?"

And the president smiled satirically as he replied:

"Absolutely nothing, sir, in these days. Why, only this week the source of life has been discovered four times, without attracting absolutely any attention at all from the papers. Young man, unless you can discover something new and startling enough to advertise this college in the proper manner, I warn you that your days are numbered."



"HERE, SONNY, GIVE ME A SHINE."  
"I GUESS NOT. I AIN'T NO STOVE-POLISHER."



HOW CUPID FIGURES TIME.

*He*: GOOD HEAVENS, DEAR! THE CLOCK JUST STRUCK ONE, AND I PROMISED YOUR MOTHER I'D GO AT TWELVE.  
*She (comfortably)*: GOOD! WE'VE GOT ELEVEN HOURS YET.

# LIFE.



## ODE TO THE MEDICAL MAN.

The hapless modern wight is  
Sick with appendicitis;

But what to him  
Is wrong and grim  
To the physician right is.

When "practice" growing slight is,  
The doctor's sole delight is  
To sit up late

In solemn state  
Inventing something "itis."

He's made mosquito-bitis,  
And alcoholic tightis,  
Until to-day

The suffix gay

Unquestionably trite is.

In fact the sick man's plight is  
A state of constant frightis.

It seems to me

There soon will be

An awful rumpusitis!

—New Orleans Picayune.

LOCAL delegations who journey to Washington to see favorite sons sworn in as senators or representatives cannot understand why they are not permitted to make demonstrations at the triumphant moment when the oath is administered.

When Senator Foraker, of Ohio, was first elected senator he was the honorary president of a marching club in Cincinnati that boasted the finest brass band in the State. As soon as it was known the senator was going to Washington, the marching club held a meeting and passed these resolutions:

"Whereas, our honorary captain, the Hon. Joseph Benson Foraker, has been elected to the United States Senate; and,

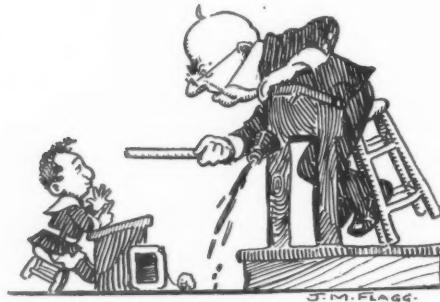
"Whereas, this club feels that in his triumph the club also triumphs; and,

"Whereas, it is suitable that we should recognize this event in a fitting manner; therefore, be it

"Resolved, that this club, with full brass band, shall go to Washington on the fourth of March next, and at the moment when the Hon. Joseph Benson Foraker takes the oath of office it shall march

down the center aisle of the Senate chamber with its band playing 'Hail to the Chief.'

And until this day that marching club does not understand why it couldn't.—*Saturday Evening Post.*



THE REPLY OF A YOUNG HEBREW SCHOLAR  
MADE HIS TEACHER HOT UNDER THE CHOLAR.  
ASKED WHAT HE'D INFER  
THAT THE FIVE SENSES WERE.  
SAID: "VOT GOES TWENTY TIMES IN A DHOLAR!"

RICHARD MANSFIELD has, like many other men, a host of enemies. One of these enemies paid him a sincere compliment last year.

Mr. Mansfield was playing in "Beaucaire," and the enemy, a stage carpenter, peered at him from the wings of a Cleveland theatre, scornful at first, but gradually less scornful.

And, as the act went on, the carpenter, though he hated the actor, became more and more absorbed. He stood silent and rigid. He watched every gesture, he observed every intonation, of the star. And finally, when the curtain fell, he exclaimed, with flushed cheeks and a little tremor in his voice:

"D—— him, that man could act a gridiron."

—*New York Tribune.*

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## THE EVOLUTION OF THE FOLDING BED.

MRS. DE FLAT: Have you anything new in folding beds?

DEALER: Only this, madam, and it really is quite a success. On arising in the morning you touch a spring, and it turns into a washstand and bathtub. After your bath, you touch another spring, and it becomes a dressing case, with a French plate mirror. If you breakfast in your room, a slight pressure will transform it into an extension table. After breakfast, you press these three buttons at once, and you have an upright piano. That's all it will do, except that when you die, it can be changed into a rosewood coffin. —*New York Weekly.*

"WHAT'S that watch worth?" asked Mr. Kloece, pointing to one in the show case.

"Ten dollars," replied the jeweler.

"I'll take it," said the customer, and after paying for it he went out.

The next day he came around again.

"This watch doesn't exactly suit me," he said. "What's that one worth?" pointing to another.

"Fifteen dollars."

"I'll take that instead of this one, if you don't mind."

"Certainly."

A day or two later he came again.

"How good a watch have you got for twenty-five dollars?" he inquired.

"Well, twenty-five dollars will get a pretty good timepiece," said the jeweler, handing one out. "Here's one with a gold-filled case, and full jeweled. The movement is warranted."

"I'll take it."

He paid the difference, took the watch and went away.

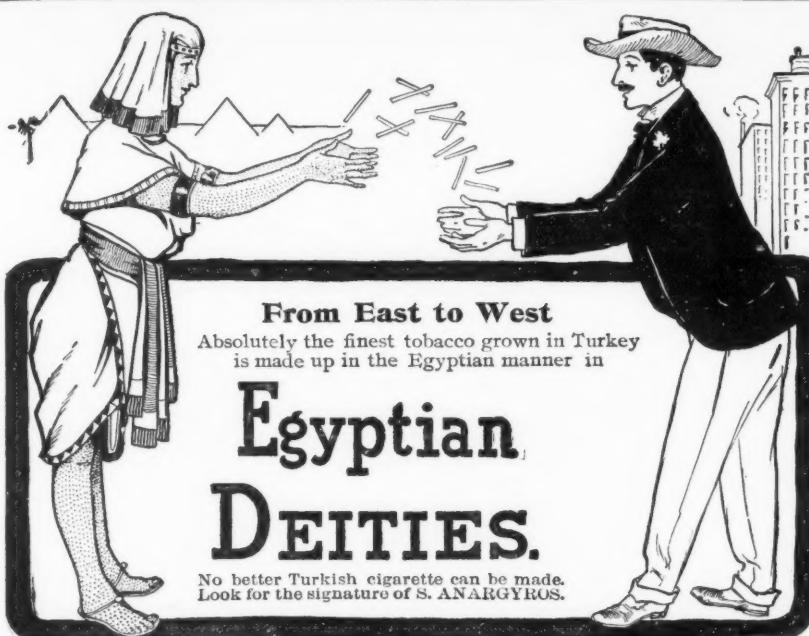
After the lapse of a few days he made his appearance once more.

"Have you got a first-class watch with a solid gold case that you can sell for fifty dollars?" he said.

"Yes. Here it is."

"Well, I'll take it," said Mr. Kloece. "Here's the other watch and twenty-five dollars. That's the one I really wanted at first, but I hated to pay out all that money at once." —*Youth's Companion.*

# LIFE.



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### Where for the Winter

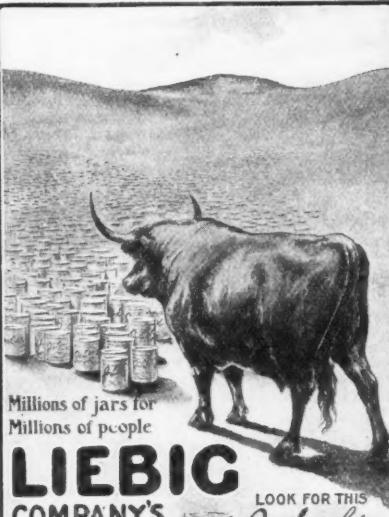
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JANITOR: Oh, it ain't the size as counts, m'm— it's the principle uv the thing.—*Judge*.

BE silent sometimes, even when you are right.—*Schoolmaster*.

IF YOU WANT

a perfect cream, preserved without sugar, order Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. Prepared by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

ACCORDING to *The Clinton (Mo.) Herald*, the following notice was recently found tacked on the door of a local church: "There will be preaching in this house a week from next Wednesday, Providence permittin', and there will be preaching whether or no on Monday following upon the subject, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned at 3.30 in the afternoon.'

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY; The Manor, Asheville North Carolina, is the best Inn South.

MRS. SUBURBAN: There goes Mrs. Toughman Is she in mourning for her late husband?

MRS. KNOWIT: No; only wearing black fo: him.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

WILD turkeys are to be found in great numbers on the Hotel Chamberlin Game Preserves, on the peninsula near Jamestown, and visiting sportsmen are having great luck. No section of Virginia is so rich in this magnificent game bird as the section embraced by the Game Preserve of the Chamberlin.

"W. B. YEATS, the English poet, got off a good thing when he was at the Franklin Inn for lunch, the other day," said the literary man. "Of course, he's all for art for art's sake, but he told of a woman who once said to Marion Crawford, the novelist:

"Have you ever written anything that will live after you have gone?"

"Madam," Crawford replied, "what I am trying to do is to write something that will enable me to live while I am here."—*Philadelphia Press*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

UNCLE EZRA says that kissing will remove paint.—*Schoolmaster*.

"WHAT made her faint?" asked the sympathetic old lady.

"Madam," replied the sour-faced misogynist, "there was a good-looking young man standing right behind her."—*Town and Country*.

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"You must be mistaken. She isn't a Puritan at all, but quite a gay society girl."

"That's just it. She never goes to the opera except as one of a box-party."—*Philadelphia Press*.

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MAN DRESSMAKER: Well, what now?

APPRENTICE: I have discovered a way to make a woman's dress so that she will look like a hump-backed baboon with bat's wings.

"Glorious! It will become the rage."—*New York Weekly*.

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You find no dyspeptics among them, no nervous wrecks, no wasted, fatless men.

And so in those countries where beer is the national beverage.

The reason is that beer is healthful. The malt and the hops are nerve foods. And the habit of drinking it keeps the body supplied with fluid to flush out the waste.

The weak, the nervous and sleepless must have it. Why isn't it better to drink it now, and keep from becoming so?

But drink pure beer—Schlitz Beer. There isn't enough good in impure beer to balance the harm in it.

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Special and unique decorations are promised for the Grand Ball Room and the Astor Gallery and Reception Rooms of the Waldorf-Astoria on the occasion of the Fifth Annual Banquet of the Automobile Club of America, January Twenty-third. This dinner has attracted men of national prominence from all over the country, and promises to be one of the most successful events of the year. Mr. James B. Dill, the well-known Authority on Corporation Law, will be one of the Speakers. Mr. Gage E. Tarbell and Col. Albert A. Pope have also consented to make addresses that evening. It is expected that about five hundred covers will be laid.

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WHEN William J. Bryan was defeated for the presidency in 1900 his supporters in all parts of the country sent him bushels of telegrams of consolation. Some of them were cheerful and some were sorrowful.

Probably the most plaintive note was struck by a county chairman in Ohio, who wired:

"My county has gone for McKinley by three hundred. The people are in the minority. God help us."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

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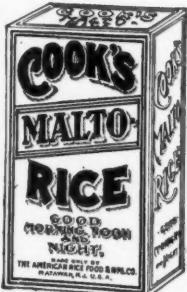
## Cook's Malto-Rice, A Pure, Perfectly Cooked Rice Malted.

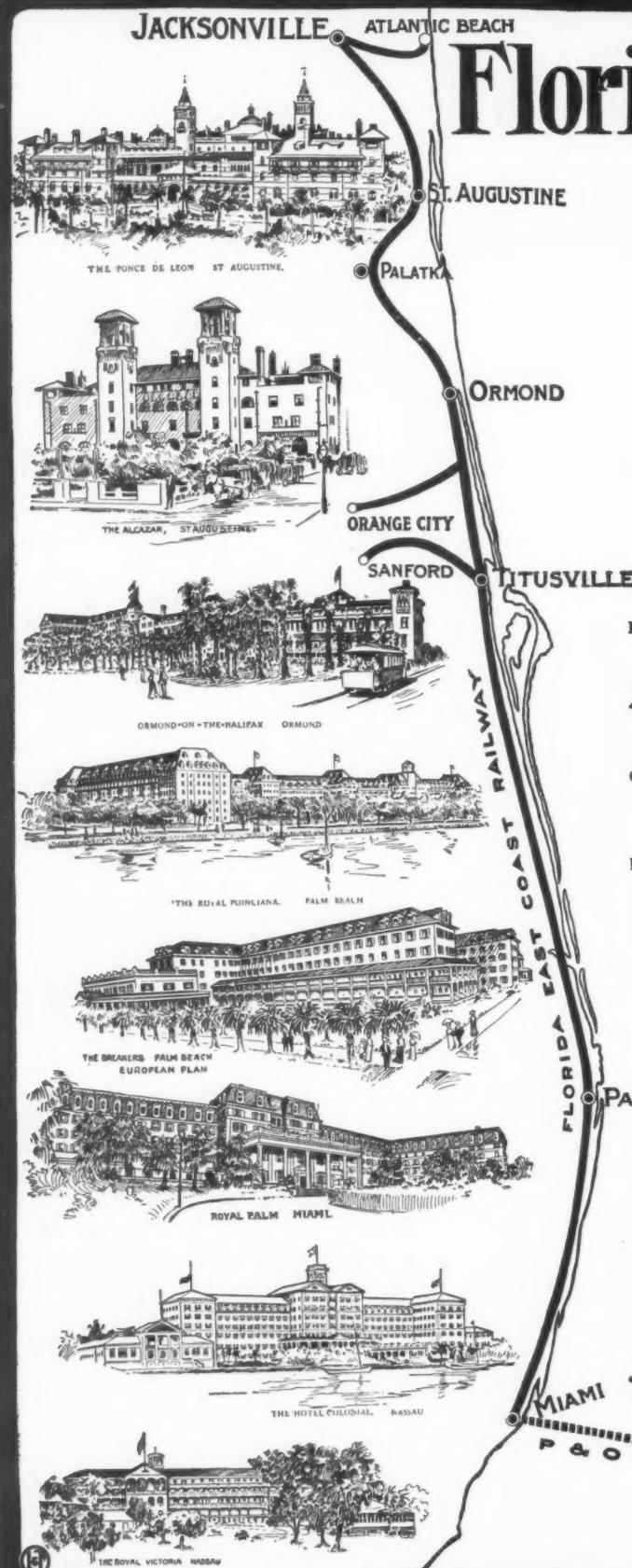
RICE contains more nutriment and supplies more energy to the human body than anything that grows out of the ground.

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ST. AUGUSTINE. Under the management of Mr. ROBERT MURRAY. Opens Tuesday, January 12, 1904. Closes Tuesday, April 12, 1904.

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### Ormond

ORMOND-ON-THE-HALIFAX. Under the management of MESSRS. ANDERSON & PRICE. Opens Monday, January 11, 1904. Closes Monday, April 11, 1904.

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PALM BEACH-ON-LAKE-WORTH. Under the management of Mr. FRED STERRY. Opens Thursday, December 17, 1903. Closes Saturday, April 9, 1904. After February 1 will be operated on both American and European plans.

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" "	Chicago	32 hours 5 minutes
" "	Detroit	32 hours 40 minutes
" "	Toledo	31 hours 53 minutes
" "	Cleveland	32 hours 40 minutes
" "	Louisville	25 hours 50 minutes
" "	Cincinnati	24 hours
" "	St. Louis	36 hours 48 minutes

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